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and it is just as absurd to compel the hair to be black or brown, when it would be and should be gray, as it would be to go out into the forest with a pot and brush to paint the leaves green, when the October frosts have made them "sere and yellow." It is a silly "subterfuge of lies," and one to which I should be ashamed to resort, if my hair assumed all the colors of the rainbow. The handsomest old lady I have ever seen does not even attempt to conceal "the blossoms of the almond tree" on her head, by wearing a cap. And she looks "like a rose in the snow."

BELLE BRITTAN.

### DAPHNE AND APOLLO; Or, The Origin of the Laurel.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

PHÆBUS APOLLO—by very long odds,  
The smartest of all the Olympian gods,  
Patron of Art from the earliest time,  
Founder of physic, and music, and rhyme;  
Inventor, besides, of an excellent light,  
Exceedingly cheap, and safe, and bright—  
('Twas called "The Sun" in the patent-right),  
A large revolving luminous mass  
Not yet superseded by tallow or gas;  
A contrivance, in fact, rather hard to surpass!  
Phæbus Apollo—the very same—  
Conceived, one day, an amorous flame  
For a beautiful maiden—*DAPHNE* by name—  
Who chanced to prove inflexibly moral,  
And that, you see, occasioned a quarrel,  
And that was what occasioned *the laurel*.

It seems rather queer,

But the fact is clear,

(If it wasn't, I wouldn't be telling it here),  
That, though the lover was fond and pliant,  
Handsome and tall, and of danger defiant;  
('Twas he, you know, slew *ΠΥΘΩΝ*, the giant!)  
Although he was wise as a Cambridge tutor,  
A fine musician, and capital shooter,  
Miss Daphne declared he didn't suit her!

He struck his shell,

A lyre he played remarkably well;

And thus essayed

To charm the maid

By force of a musical serenade:—

"Come beauteous maid, and be my dove,

My sparrow, my pretty canary, love"—

But *ECHO* alone the poet awoke,

And "nary love!" was all she spoke!

To every art Apollo resorted,  
And every grace that ever was sported  
A heart to gain,  
But all in vain;  
She couldn't be kissed, and wouldn't be courted!

Frightened, at last, by his fervent appeals,  
The beautiful maiden took to her heels,  
And scampered off as fast as she could,  
Through brake and briar, and field and wood;  
While Phæbus followed with all his force,  
Dashing along like a racing horse,  
Pursuing the maid without remorse:  
Expecting—the sinner—  
"In the long run," to win her;  
As if *that*, like the race, were "a matter of course!"

And still they ran, and struggled, and raced,  
Never was woman so terribly *chased*!  
(The truth is equally bound to strike,  
Spell the word however you like).  
See them panting across the plains:

Daphne is waning,

Apollo is gaining!

How every nerve and muscle he strains!  
The sweat is pouring off his brow;  
He's almost touching her heels, I vow!  
(Who will bet on the filly now?)  
Nearer and nearer, see him follow;  
Neck and neck, they're crossing the hollow;  
A moment more, and hurrah for Apollo!

The stream is passed,

Daphne is fast!—

Fast on the ground—it is over at last

But now, *mehercule*! what do I see?  
She's spreading herself to a vast degree,  
She's changing—she's growing into a tree!  
Her feet already have taken root;  
Her hands and hair are beginning to shoot  
Into boughs and leaves, and there stands she,  
A graceful, beautiful laurel tree!

Apollo a moment in wonder stood,

Thus clasping his love,

He cried, "By Jove!

Since you *can't* be my woman you *shall* be my  
wood!"

Then making a wreath of the leaves, he said:

"With this will Daphne and I be wed;

Never was garland so pretty as that;

I'll wear it always around my hat;

And evermore the laurel shall crown

Warriors and heroes of great renown;

And I give it, too, with my special benison,

To all true poets, from Homer to Tennyson!"

### BEAUTY AND THRIFT.

A SPIDER was spinning his silver thread  
In the midst of a garden of flowers fair;  
Shrewd calculations he had in his head,  
And his eight bright eyes looked everywhere.

He saw a rose in an emerald nook,  
A sweet young thing with a blushing cheek,  
Timid delight was in her look,  
Perfumes, not words, she seemed to speak.

The sunlight nestled against her breast,  
With love's first thrill her heart was a-glow,  
Dewy pearls bedecked her vest,  
And a zephyr swung her to and fro,

"That rose shall be my chosen queen—  
The sweetest queen in all this earth!  
The most gorgeous palace ever seen  
I'll build to grace her beauty's worth,"

The spider murmured; and straight he went  
With wooing words to the smiling flower,  
With a blush she sighed her sweet assent  
To his building her that wondrous bower.

With the skill of a subtle architect  
Basements, beam, and floor, were laid,  
Silvery columns stood erect,  
Gold were casements and façade.

Curtains as fair as moonbeams bright  
Betwixt the silvery columns gleam,  
Waving with a lustrous light,  
Exquisite as a poet's dream,

Frescoes gracefully intricate  
That human hand could never draft,—  
And all this work elaborate  
Was done by one small spider's craft.

His wondrous skill the rose admired;  
To make him rest from toil she sought;  
Of 'en such miracles she tired,  
So silently her lover wrought.

But busily he built and strove,—  
No frolic folly could she win,—  
At last the splendid web he wove,  
His palace shut the young thing in,  
But, ah! the world was all shut out—  
The sunshine and her sister-flowers—  
This strange magnificence about,  
Could scarce beguile her lonely hour.

She pined for sunlight and fresh air,  
For sights of butterflies and birds,  
For dews so cool and trees so fair,  
And the sweet zephyr's murmured words.

The spider, glorying in his work,  
Sat at the door and kept the key,  
Like some old haughty, turbaned Turk—  
"Who so magnificent?" said he,

But youthful hearts so rich and warm  
On splendor cannot flourish well,  
And the poor rose's fading form  
Of nameless want and woe did tell.

Cold gems instead of dewdrops fed  
Will never nourish love's sweet bloom.  
Thus often Thrift with cunning thread  
Builds palace grand for Beauty's tomb.